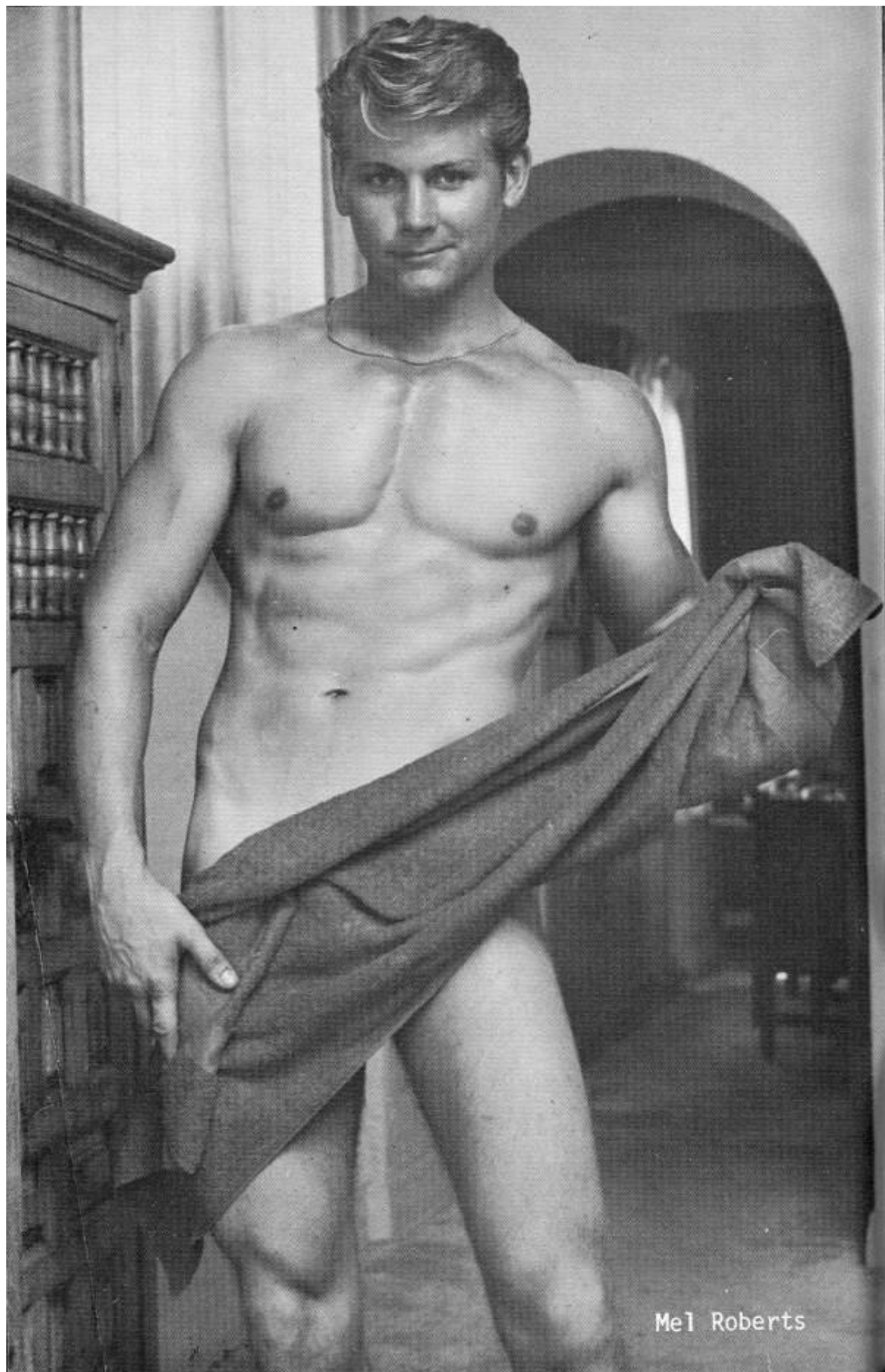


GAY CONVENTION!

Drum

60¢
ACME
December, 1965
Volume V,
Number 10





Mel Roberts

drum

sex in perspective

"If a man does not keep
pace with his companions,
perhaps it is because he
hears a different drummer.
Let him step to the music
he hears, no matter how
measured or far away."
-Henry David Thoreau

December 1965, Volume V, Number 10



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the issue

Meet Rasmus

Harry Chess becomes Rasmus Pelsbryst; Big Bennie, Beton-Olga; and A.U.N.T.I.E., Husdektivernes Oplysningsog Mor-dopklarings Organisation (H.O.M.O.).

Where?

In the Danish publication, *Eos* where gay America's favorite is now syndicated. In a matter of a few months, Harry (by what name, we couldn't possibly predict) will also appear in the German language publication, *Amigo*.



As Mickey Muskle would say in Danish: "Bevs!"

Andros

Phil Andros (page 8) is a hustler. He is also one of America's most promising young

writers. His work has never appeared in this country before the publication of *Little Lamb, Who Made Thee?*, though a large number of stories have been published in *Amigo* and *Eos*, both of which are banned here.

LL, WMT? is actually a combination of two of Phil's earliest stories, *LL, WMT?* and *Baby Tiger* and he tells us that he has a few new ideas that might develop into material for future issues.

\$tud, an anthology of 18 of his stories, is scheduled for November publication by Guild Press.

Attack

Polak's *Homophile Puzzle*, beginning in this issue, will probably serve, among other things, to make enemies of many of his friends in the homophile movement. He said: "I regret that, but sometimes the truth has the way of clearing the air and showing the way to productive attitudes."

"For too long, the movement has been guided by overlapping in-group personnel whose reluctance to recognize the needs of the homosexual community serves to isolate it from its potential supporters."

The various publications were excluded from this month's discussion as were many of the more basic services supplied by the bulk of the groups: legal and medical referrals, etc.

Though these might have been areas for fruitful discussion, space simply did not permit it at this time.

news

WASHINGTON

Louis Harris reported in his syndicated *Harris Survey* that the America which prided itself as a "nation of rugged individualists where the pioneer tradition allows a man to hold his own views and go his own way" has changed into a country with "widespread misgivings over present-day examples of social, political or intellectual non-conformity."

Homosexuals rank third (American Communist Party members come first and people who don't believe in God second) in the lineup of those regarded as harmful to the Nation.

Harris qualified his study, however: "Three out of every ten Americans think homosexuals are not a matter of serious concern."

Also considered harmful are: anti-Viet-Nam war pickets, women who gossip all the time, civil rights demonstrators and young men with beards and long hair.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk said the State Department will not recognize the demands of homosexuals for meetings to discuss the department's policy against employing homosexuals.

The statement, made on national television, was in response to a question by a reporter during a press conference and was prompted by plans to picket the State Department building by the Mattachine Society of Washington.

The owners of the Uptown Res-

taurant and Lounge were found guilty of keeping a disorderly house. The jury, which deliberated for 17 minutes, found the owners guilty of permitting male and female homosexuals to perform "indecent acts" in the restaurant.

According to *Associated Press*: "The Post Office Department has discovered to its surprise that the angel Gabriel blowing 'his' horn on the 1965 Christmas stamp has an unquestionably feminine torso."

Upon further investigation, it was confirmed the "torso part of the figure is feminine



and Gabriel's breast is that of a woman."

"Angels," apologized an official of the Catholic Information Office, "are sexless."

The Justice Department joined the American Civil Liberties Union in opposing a bill introduced by Rep. Dominick Daniels (D., N.J.) to establish a "Commission on Noxious and Obscene Matters and Materials," which would be, in essence, a national censoring board.

"Our obscenity laws are prem-

ised on the belief that obscenity is harmful. There is no consensus as to the nature of that harm," explained Ass't Attorney General Fred M. Vinson Jr. He also suggested that Congress delay action on the bill because the Departments of Justice and Health, Education and Welfare are considering the first scientific study on the effects of obscenity.

HOLCOMB, KANSAS

Time reports: "With his light, lisping voice and his blue Jaguar," Truman Capote has readied a new novel centering on the senseless killing of Eisenhower-appointed wheat farmer Herbert Clutter and his family. The book, *In Cold Blood*, was serialized in the *New Yorker* and will be published in book form by Random House.

STAMFORD, CONN.

Latest psychiatrist to add a voice to the often discredited view that homosexuals are, by definition, neurotic, Dr. Philip H. Heersema wrote in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*: "To imply that (homosexuality) is a good adjustment or an 'adequate way of life' is a kind of impotent foolishness."

GREYSTONE PARK, N.J.

"The issue of whether homosexuals are more pathologic than normals, seems to have been an unwarranted assumption, based more upon armchair theorizing than experimental evidence," found psychologist Joseph S. DeLuca of the New Jersey State Hospital.

Taking a group of 42 admitted homosexuals, none of whom had criminal or psychiatric records, and 25 heterosexuals with the same attributes, administering

the Rorschach (ink blot) test and grading the results twice, (once knowing the sexual orientation of the subjects and once not knowing it) DeLuca was able to find no "significant

Copies of *The Structure of Homosexuality* by Joseph N. DeLuca are available at no cost from Janus Reprints.

difference" between the two groups.

"Psychoanalytic theory has in part contributed to (the assumption that homosexuals are more pathologic than heterosexuals) by frequently considering the symptom a result of faulty identification processes and pregenital fixations. Many examiners assume by definition that homosexuality is pathologic, a view which often resulted in a refusal to look for psychopathology in a comparative sense," Dr. DeLuca concluded.

CANADA

Victoria, B.C.: Removal of *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, called a "filthy book" (DRUM, April) demanded by adlman Clyne Savage who insisted: "I'm not a prude, but..."

Toronto: A 19-year-old youth, found guilty of causing a disturbance, was ordered, as a condition of his bond, that he "get rid of that ridiculous hair-do," by the presiding magistrate.

The boy, with black hair curled down his neck, was twice ordered by His Worship to "stand erect."

PRISONS

Occoquan, Va.: "Homosexual Dormitory Proposed," teased a District of Columbia headline. The dir- (Continued to page 23)

censorship

The United States Supreme Court has been asked to abandon its eight-year-old test of obscenity and declare that all published material is protected by the First Amendment unless it creates a "clear and present danger" of anti-social conduct.

The American Civil Liberties Union and its Pennsylvania affiliate filed the brief on behalf of Ralph Ginzburg, convicted of violating the federal obscene mail law. It told the Court that the 1957 *Roth* decision (defining obscenity as that which "to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to the prurient interest") is "vague and unworkable" and tends to suppress writings that are not obscene.

Ginzburg, publisher of *Eros* magazine, Liason Newsletter and Documentary Books, was convicted in a Phila. Federal Court in 1963.

Giving as its reasons for supporting Ginzburg's appeal, ACLU stated: "Our concern is that, suppressed in addition to these publications, is the courage of this distributor and others to disseminate the entire spectrum of artistic and literary creativity, for fear of future pros-

ecutions."

"A constitutional principle which requires a fine factual distinction to be made by qualified persons who cannot be found, according to standards which cannot be articulated, is in fact, not a rule of law at all, but a license to adjudicate by whim and caprice."

An even more "substantive reason" for establishing the "clear and present danger" standard, the ACLU asserted, is the concern for preserving a free society, in which the individual is sovereign over his own mind and thoughts and may express his opinions without restraint--unless they threaten harm to other individuals or the government.

The ACLU contends that the phrases "prurient interest" and "the average person" lack precise meaning. As for what is sexually arousing, the brief cites recent studies showing variations

not only between female and male in their reactions to sex stimuli in books and pictures, but among individuals of the same sex. "Thus, the determination of what arouses 'prurient interest' and excites 'lustful thoughts' is a vast guessing game with free speech, expression and art in the balance."

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LITTLE LAMB, WHO MADE THEE?

*"Who is to say when
the sirens sang or
what name Achilles
assumed when he hid
among the Women? Or
at what point there
began to grow, deep
inside of me, the
wild spore?*

*"And when did that
spore burst and scat-
ter its mobile seeds
into my blood?"*

-Phil Andros

by PHIL ANDROS

Dave and Mike were in the shop and Dave was a little restless. You would scarcely have thought that he and Mike could have lived together for eight years. If you could divide all guys into two classes, sweetie-pies and baby tigers, Dave belonged to the first. In him was a kind of soft gentleness; he wrote the letters and knew how to spell the words. Mike was the baby tiger.

Baby tigers never read anything but the headlines and the comic pages; they can't spell, but they can fix spark-plugs and they never write letters.

I closed the shop and left with them. The salty air was blowing cool and Mike zipped up his motorcycle jacket, hoisted his chino pants and kicked me playfully on the shin with his heavy black boot. "Thanks" I said.

"If you two are going to make love" said Dave, "I'll go to the Black Cat and see what's going on."

"No chance," I replied. "Not

with this big gook. Besides he's not nearly tough enough to suit me. Reminds me of a big, lovable Boy Scout leader. Hasn't got the brains of a jackass."

Mike grabbed my hand with one of his big paws and held my fingers straight. With the other hand, he bent my thumb down in: "Take it back," he said.

"Ow, all right-- I take it back. You do have the brains of a jackass." The pressure increased.

"Take it back, say 'Uncle'."

"Uncle," I gasped and he let go. This is the way it was with us. We had been friends for a year and a half and I liked them both. And, being kind of a sweetie-pie myself, I had found the baby tiger appealing in a kind of sexless way. He had always shown a certain aggressiveness which was now developing into an enjoyment of physically mastering his partner. I had had some little experience along this line and almost dai-



ly he asked me questions: "Why is this? Why do they get so angry? Why do they always want to come back for more? I answered him as best I could, but I soon ran out of information. Then he began to bring me reports, new experiments, new desires, new persons he had met.

He seemed to be filling out. He had eyes that could hood themselves like a falcon's and was tall, blond, and lean. Now he looked as aggressively masculine and cruel as a hunting panther. His lips seemed to have darkened in color and his eyes grown deeper blue; out of him came an aura you could almost touch.

"It was never an absorbing interest with me," I told him.

"Don't kid me," he said as he reached over and poked me. "I kinda think you might want to hear a concerto in the music room, yourself."

I shuddered faintly. "Not me, I'll be content to read the reviews. Besides, I don't care for trainees. No amateur musicales for me."

"I know your type. You're dying for it," he said as he leaned forward and gripped my knee.

We left it at that.

Mike was making it with Gerhardt, an East German refugee. He had picked him up in a bar one night, noting how the kid had taken in all the details of his boots, jacket and leather thong key chain tied in a hangman's knot. Gerhardt was on the verge of going to New York when he fell for Mike. When Mike told me the story, I asked him why he wouldn't let the boy go.

"Are you kidding? Let him go? Never, I want him right where he is, in my stable."

Then it started.

Whatever and whenever it hap-

pened to me, the progress was slow and gradual. It came by littles and fed on the tales that Mike continued to tell me. It was nourished by the nearness of his body and the smell of his leather jacket.

The weeks went by. I kept busy, began, industriously, to build little sand traps and deadfalls for Mike to provoke him into a sign of affection. Some of them he fell for, but, he gradually began to see through most of them.

Dave came to see me one day and eased around to the subject: "I know it's really none of my business, but why don't you just give way once and get it out of your system?"

I was miserable. He got up to leave and said: "Mike wants you to come over to dinner tomorrow night after you close the shop."

'Mike wants' -- I took it as a sign of affection and the next night, quite happily, I went to their house. Mike was alone in the living room. The curtains were drawn. "Where's Dave?" I asked as I took off my jacket. Mike grinned. He was in full uniform--black jacket, boots, chino trousers and very handsome.

"He got a sudden call and won't be home until after midnight."

"You mean to say," I countered, half jokingly, "that I'm alone in this house with you?"

"Yup."

Terror exploded in me like a rocket, so violent and intense that my vision flickered for a moment. I took three involuntary rushing steps to the door, but Mike was ahead of me, standing with his back against it. I backed away thinking it must all look like a very bad movie.

"M- Mike," my throat was so

dry I could only rasp. "Mike--no, I mean--I'm not prepared--I need more time to think--I--"

He laughed and put his arm around my neck, rubbing the leather jacket against me.

"Why, boy, what's to be afraid of? Nobody's going to hurt you at all. Don't think. That's what the trouble is. We'll just have a little chat, mebbe listen to a little music."

I was almost blubbering with fear.

"Just calm down," he cautioned. "We can't let you go on makin' yourself sick, now, can we?" He moved me towards the sofa and sat me down; then he turned off all but one light. "You be a good boy. Relax. Take some of your things off. It's too hot in here."

My tongue stuck to my lips; there was a faraway buzzing in my ears and the vein in my throat chugged heavily. My wallet fell out of my trousers; the sound of its hitting the floor in the quiet room was like a small muffled explosion. Mike picked it up and then he opened the door to the other room, stood aside, and made an ironic usher's gesture towards the black opening.

With my skin chilling, I started down the steps.

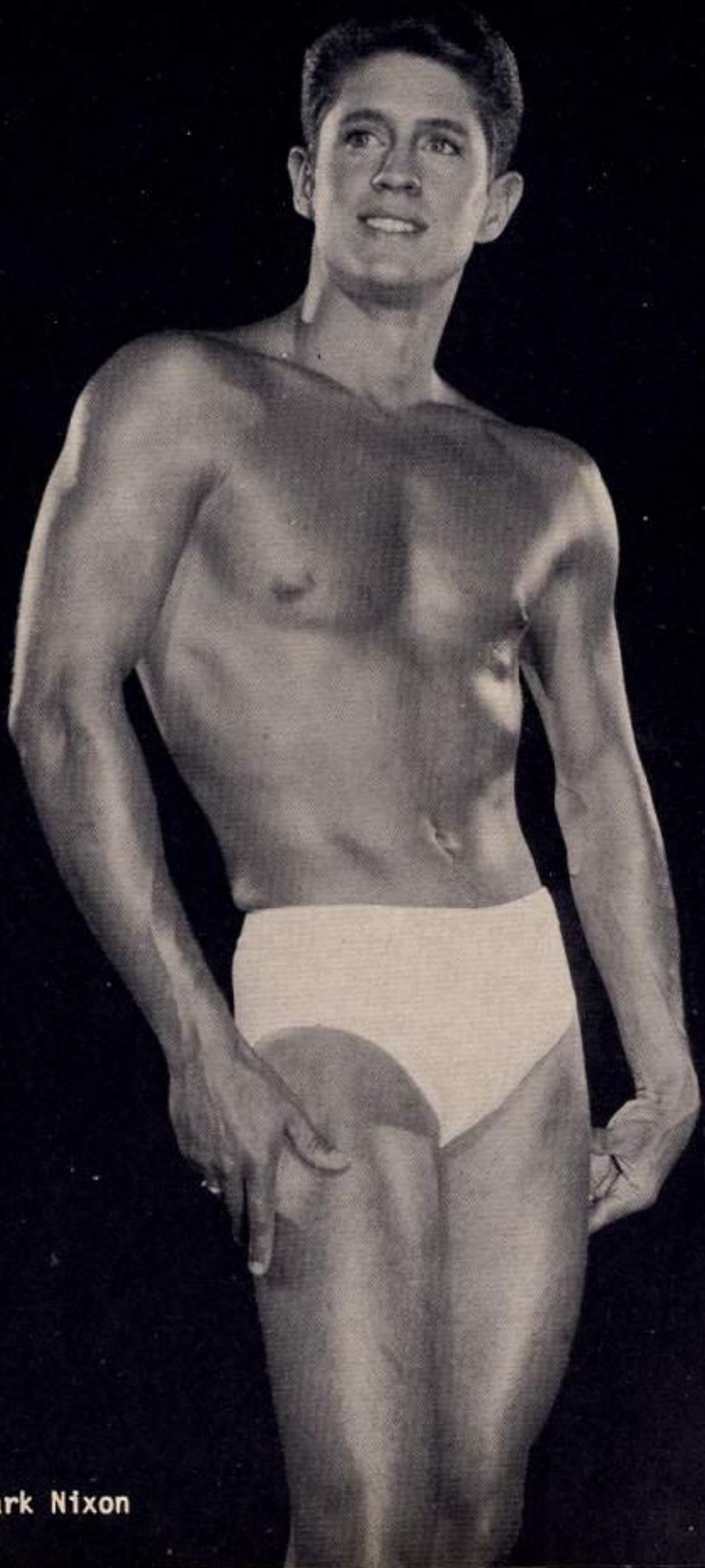
The first two weeks after the concerto had been happy enough, for the food-rack had been heaped high enough with goodies to keep me filled and contented. It didn't matter to me whether I saw Mike during those days. I felt like old Wordsworth visiting Tintern Abbey, and realizing that he would in the future draw enough nourishment from his experience to keep him for many years. But then when Mike began to come around again I thought I sensed a difference in him. It was not that he

took me too much for granted; it was that he didn't take me at all. He hardly noticed me. I felt very sensitive about it, thinking that perhaps I had been too much afraid that night, too "chicken," as the kids say in my shop. But as the weeks became a month, I grew more aware of Mike's coldness. It was obvious and definitive; now that I was safely installed, he had forgotten me.

When Mike came back to the shop I was still puttering around. He had someone with him --a boy from a pineapple boat, a really spectacular person, almost as tall as Mike and much more muscular. He wore a Navy watch-cap pushed back upon blue-black curls, and his face was swarthy, the chin deeply cleft. He had on a pair of wide-flaring sailor's dungarees and dirty blue sneakers on his feet. The horizontal blue stripes of a French sailor's *loup-de-mer* circled dizzyingly around a broad and bursting chest, and the long sleeves of the shirt were pushed up to the elbows, showing his brawny and tanned forearms. He looked almost gypsy; an earring would not have been out of place. His teeth flashed brilliantly in the dark copper of his face. And when he came in the shop, the air almost crackled with his personal magnetism. Beside him, Mike looked a bit palled; anyone would have.

"Glad you're still here" said Mike. "This is Rafe. He's Portuguese, and don't speak the English much, hey, Rafe?"

I had my hand extended to shake Rafe's, and the boy was just beginning the motion forward with his hand, a big grin on his face, when he hit him once sharply in the middle of the (Continued on page 28)



Mark Nixon

the homophile puzzle

Part One

The most efficient way to find a gay bar in New York City is to wander through Greenwich Village's streets until you spot a white police department sign, black lettered: "This is a raided premises."

One evening late in September I found such a bar and, upon entering was greeted by a burly bouncer who demanded I have *two* identification cards. After showing them (incidentally, the legal drinking age in New York is 18 and there is no question but that I look the 28 years I am), I brushed past a uniformed NYC policeman taking note of how many and when persons entered and left the cafe and through the crowd to the bartender who added proverbial injury to insult by charging \$1.00 for a bottle of second rate beer.

When I began to speak to a boy leaning against the wall, I was promptly pulled away by a second bouncer who summarily informed me: "Dis bar ain't for socializin'."

Detective Polak

Later I was told that, though the identification checking pattern was standard for this bar, the management was convinced I was a plainclothes detective and that, just the previous week, two real detectives were planted in the cafe and had arrested several persons on alleged solicitation.

There was no indication that this particular bar was owned by the Mafia-type syndicate operating in Manhattan, but a five-minute walk away there was an establishment (also recently raided) that was so controlled. "Was," because it has been closed by the police and the syndicate moved on to another location.

Gay bars in New York City

have a life expectancy, before police closing, of about eight months and, at any given time, it is difficult to find more than two or three open. By way of contrast, San Francisco, one tenth the size of New York, often has 20 to 30 bars thriving with life expectancies determined almost solely by their popularity with their patrons.

In NYC, *bona fide* entrapment, the detailing of police officers to induce homosexuals to solicit so they might be arrested is so commonplace--from Central Park West to the Brooklyn Heights Promenade--it has come to be considered an almost inevitable part of homosexual existence.

Nowhere else in America is the homosexual in greater jeopardy, forced to suffer more humiliation or deprivation of human rights and dignity than in NYC.

It is almost too obvious to require comment that here exists a need for an active, well organized group concerned with the rights of the homosexual. Instead, there is the "Matachine Society, Inc. of New York," which was, at the very moment I was being refused the right to do any "socializin'," discussing "The Homosexual Citizen in the Great Society," with, among others, a reporter from a weekly scandal-tabloid, the *National Star Chronicle*.

Comic-Opera Gulf

It is inevitable, if not both unpleasant and unfortunate, this series on the Homophile Puzzle must point to MSNY, but this particular example more graphically illustrates the almost comic-opera gulf between the unrealistic homophile movement and the realities of homosexual life than any other currently available.

We offer the specific indictment of MSNY on its *prima facie* merits and mean neither to imply MSNY is a do-nothing organization nor that it stands alone in its failures.

Existence vs. Action

There are those who hold that the homophile movement's real place in the community consists of just continuing to exist and that this "state of being" so to speak is sufficient *raison d'être*. On this count, MSNY has filled the bill well.

There are others who feel the movement should take a completely passive, educational stance. In this respect, MSNY has also filled the bill well--they have presented the longest series (in excess of 100) of monthly lectures, free to the public, in the history of the homophile movement.

There are activists, however, who feel the movement must appraise the community's needs and attempt to fulfill them. It is to these persons that MSNY has failed to meet its commitment.

As the organization in the largest city in America, it has more potential resources than any other existing group. Second, NYC, as outlined above, is fraught with the kinds of specific anti-homosexual pressures missing almost everywhere else in the country. Third, but not least, the very nature of Manhattan-sophisticated, highly transient, urbane and anonymous, lends itself to direct action.

If we point to MSNY more than once in an unflattering manner, it will be because the very nature of the city and the adverse conditions faced by homosexuals therein require it to be something it is not even at-

tempting to be.

By no means exclusive of nor limited to the New York organization is the second most serious problem facing the movement today: the leadership's lack of information and sophistication in the areas of sex in general, homosexuality in particular and the prejudices and motivations affecting them.

Further and, possibly, a subdivision of the above, is the almost anti-homosexual disdain permeating the various groups. Largely reflecting the current "liberal" view that homosexuals are acceptable as people whose rights need support if, it might be added, there is no way to make them all heterosexual, the movement alienates the "average" or what has been called "the hip" homosexual.

"Hips" and "Squares"

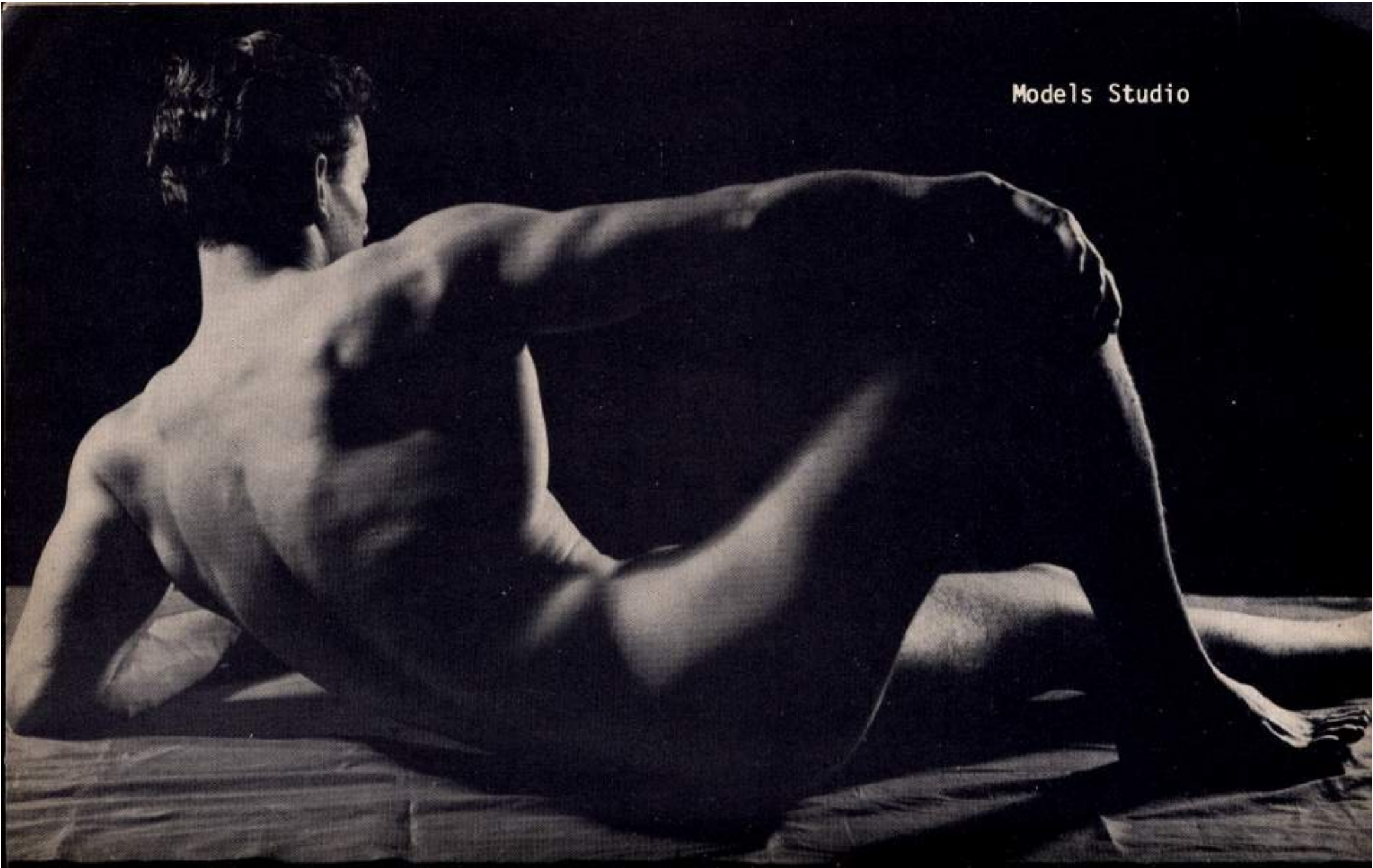
Gilbert Cantor, in making this point recently, drew an analogy with the Negro rights movement: "The 'square' believes in organization, negotiation, in the manners and morals and techniques of the dominant culture which he addresses in its own language. And then we discover in Watts, California, that the hip Negro has nothing to do with the square Negro and his organizations and that those organizations do not speak for him."

It is safe to say that the present homophile movement neither addresses itself to nor speaks for the hip homosexual.

Other factors, largely out of the control of the present day leadership mitigate, in some small way against effectiveness.

The damage caused by now almost defunct *One's* stand for legalizing of homosexual marriage and child adoption; of Rev. Robert Wood's absurd offering of homosexuality as sal-

Models Studio



vation to the world's population explosion problem; the concern that success of "the cause" will eliminate the need for the cause's leaders, cannot be denied. Neither can the traditional reluctance of the homosexual to affiliate with groups which, on the surface at least, appear to threaten him with exposure. These can be and are over-rated, however.

The movement generally talks in terms of "the" homosexual problem which is a logical extension of illogically conceived premises. There are, in point of fact, at least two major homosexual problem areas: that within the heterosexual world and including law reform, "public image" and the kinds of anti-homosexual forces in play in New York City; and that within the homosexual world, including widespread self depreciation, guilt and ignorance of the homosexual function.

Guaranteed Failure

In confusing these areas, the movement seriously impairs any possibility of success it might have in either and, in the view of many, placing, as it does, priority on heterosexual directed programs, it virtually guarantees minimal success for itself.

No better example of confusion can be found than September's East Coast Homophile Organizations' (ECHO) Conference.* Even ignoring the almost criminal waste of time, talent and money squandered on the planning and execution of this affair, the visible outcome was the attendance of a meager 150 persons, largely homosexual.

*The independent Mattachine Societies of New York, Philadelphia and Washington combine energies to form this loose affiliation.

(It should be noted that any one of the three organizations "combining efforts" to sponsor the event is able, on its own, to garner attendance of 300 to 500. ECHO seems an instance where the whole is less than the sum of its parts.)

This year's ECHO Conference, like those before it, suffered from typical homophile movement confusion. There is a pretense that holding the meeting would somehow "influence public opinion," though how this was to come about since no members of "the public" were in the audience, is uncertain. It would seem that a more constructive use of the attendees' time, energy and money (\$19.50 for the two day schedule) would have occurred if the speakers had been requested to address themselves to the latest findings in the field of sex research or, perhaps (continued on page 26)

WINSTON BOOK CLUB

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books

THE GOOD AND BAD WEATHER, Edmund Schiddel, Simon and Shuster, New York, \$5.95.

TGABW is a sketchbook of sexual profiles. Besides the usual array of promiscuous but respectable wives, frustrated old maids and alcoholics, there is an attractive stud who gives Bo de Willig a black eye when he tries to seduce him. There is a dirty drunk of a gas station attendant with eyes for his own daughter (who is really the daughter of a cool negro racketeer with a pink Caddie.)

A scene between a psychiatrist and his son with the son setting the father straight about the sex life of modern youth is hilarious. Bo de Willig has tried to seduce this boy, too, and daddy is concerned, but the boy, Bobby, explains to dad: "There used to be this fag at school who would crawl under the beds in the dorm and do us one at a time."

As the saying goes: If you liked *Peyton Place*, you'll love this one.

TWO PEOPLE, Donald Windham, Coward-McCann, New York, 252 pages, \$4.95.

To say that one half of *Two People* is a bore is not to say not to read it. It has problems, but what doesn't these days? Its biggest hang-up seems to be that author Windham, friend and onetime collaborator of Tennessee Williams', tried to write the Great American Novel About the Great Bixexual In

Rome and do it so it would be acceptable to *Time*. He got it off, as far as *that* magazine is concerned, but the more sophisticated reader will probably prefer a somewhat different book.

One of the *Two People* is a 35 year-old tourist with the so obviously manufactured name of Forrest. He's a bore.

The other, Marcello, is not.

With Marcello we get an intimate glimpse of a 17-year-old Roman boy who isn't quite hustling, but really can use the money. He is shy, polite, good sex and attractive. He is also quiet--and that's the problem as far as Forrest is concerned. Besides hankering for his body, Forrest becomes quite concerned about this boy's out of bed life and, to Windham's credit, he provides the reader (though nor Forrest) with an alive and non-maudlin view of sex.

It develops that Marcello is a not spectacular teenager who discovered men in a Roman cinema and has very few problems about the whole thing, *when* he can get away from his overly stern Sicilian father.

The plot is quite irrelevant to the story, but meeting Marcello makes it all worth the effort.

TOTEMPOLE, Sanford Freidman, E. P. Dutton, New York, 441 pages, \$5.95.

This devastating and brutal Freudian psychodrama packs some of the same wallop loaded into Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virgin-*

ia Wolfe?

Obviously largely autobiographical, Freidman chronicles the life of one Stephen Wolfe from infancy to adulthood. Much of this time he is trying, not too successfully, to "come out."

His parents are the quintessence of Bieberism: close binding, seductive mother; weak, ineffectual father. Familial interplay is all the more painful for Freidman's accuracy in



Freidman

portraying this particular variety of involvement: Mamma, at one point, insists that dad spank Stephen for some wrongdoing. He is, of course, reluctant to do it. She, of course, has her way, but dad plans a bit of a trick: To Stephen: "I'm going to pat you on the popo, and I want you to cry. I'm not going to hurt you. You make believe. That way we'll fool mommy." But it seems Stephen had plans of his own.

While lying there "feeling dad's warmth and the softness of his body and sniffing the sweaty, loamy smell of dad's thigh, he wiggled around against dad's loins," and started "weeweeing, and rammed his elbow into dad's ding dong."

Then, tearing down Stephen's pants, in a fury, he begins to spank him in earnest.

To cap the scene in all its gore, mommy rushes in, cradles and carresses Stephen with: "Shhh, shhh, shhh. Mommy's here. He won't hurt you. I

won't let him, ever, ever."

Masturbation is Stephen's chief source of sexual amusement throughout the bulk of the volume and it is not until his college days that he learns it is more fun when you do it with someone else. But the affair is shortlived.

Finally, in a Korean prisoner of war camp, of all places, Stephen meets Pak Sun Bo. His first physical contact with the Korean results in his speedy departure from the prisoner's hut but, once back in his own barracks, he takes a lasting accounting of himself and makes the decision, not so much to express his homosexual nature, but to be himself.

The only difference between Stephen Wolfe and millions of other homosexuals is that he takes 300-some pages to greet this juncture in life.

Sanford Friedman does not regard *Totempole* as a gay book and surely the torment of indecision and inhibition is familiar to all who find that being at one with themselves often appears to mean being at odds with the world. But, despite the author's reservations, it still ranks as one of the most vivid (if not overlong) accountings of "coming out" in print.

Its sexual passages are satisfactorily portrayed (though a bit late in coming) and *Totempole* has enough of the invogue, bizarre flavor to follow *City of Night* and *Last Exit to Brooklyn* onto the best seller lists. If it does not bring the gay novel "of age," this impressive first work slams repression as a lost cause.



ask drum

One of the boys I work with has made it clear for the past couple of weeks that he is interested in going home with me. A reluctance to team up with a co-worker made me hesitant but one day I finally asked him what he was doing after work.

To my surprise he gave me a non-committal answer making it fairly clear he wasn't interested. I can't understand what made him back off when he had been so forward. H.O., Toledo

A possible, but improbable, cause for his "no" is that your co-worker is one of those rare persons who teases, but does little else. Fortunately, such persons are in a very small minority.

Another possibility is your friend may have developed frustration from two weeks of rejection so he returned some at the first opportunity. If that is the case, remain friendly, permit him to cool off and he may say yes to your next invitation.

Most likely, you were turned down because of the way you handled the invitation. Inviting someone for sex by asking what he is doing that evening is a "sneaky" approach. It's so guarded it says: "I'm really not sure of myself so I won't be direct." It's defensive, weak and can easily be rejected. It fails to say what people want to hear—that you like them. Such a back door approach is never justified anyway.

You should have said some-

thing like: "Say, I'd like to have you come over to my place this evening. Can you make it at nine?" Such an invitation shows enthusiasm for him as an individual and makes it difficult for him to say no. Even if he does, you've lost nothing. Don't make an issue and continue being nice to him.

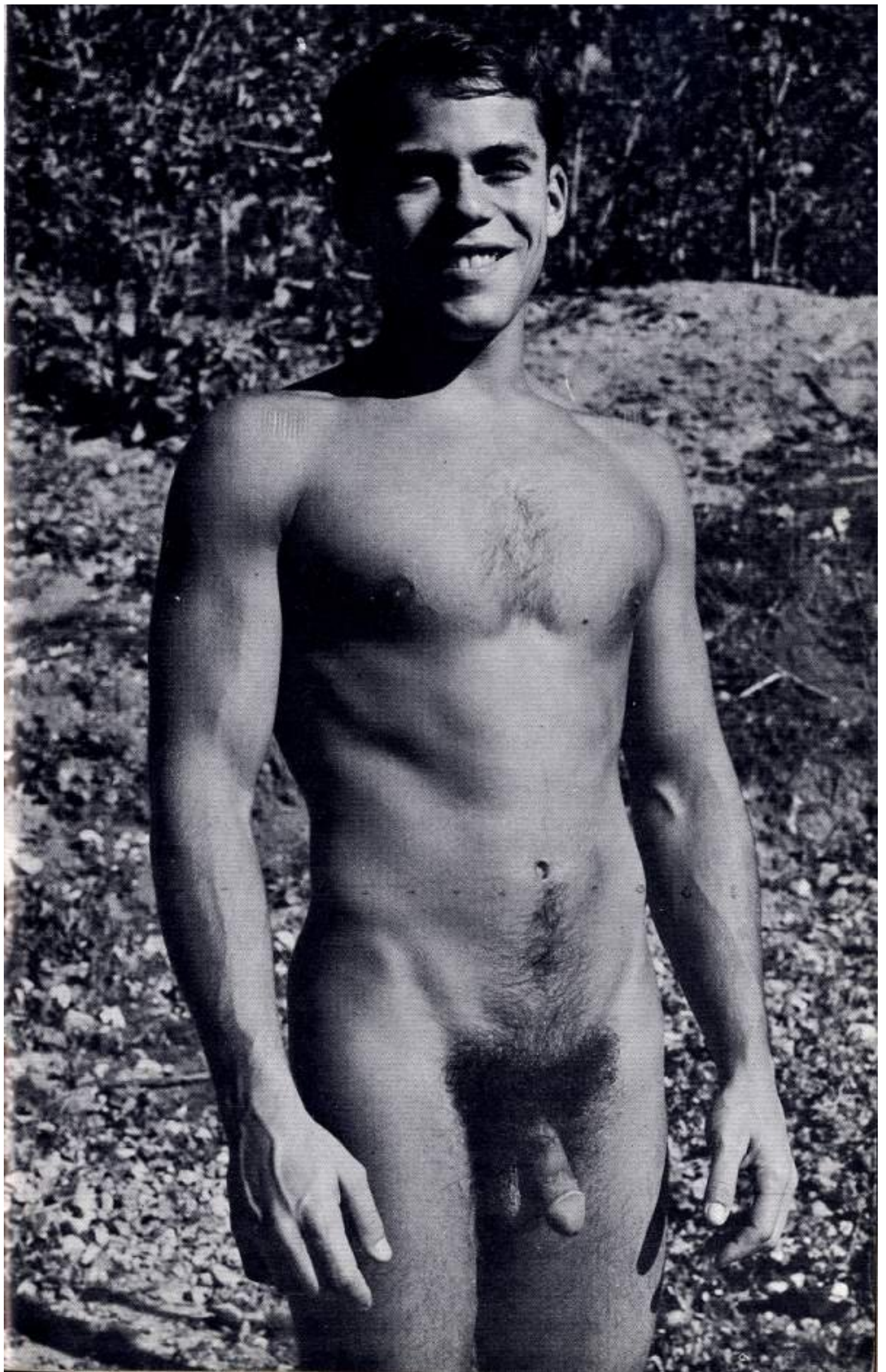
Being pleasant at a distance, without appearing to want anything, makes other persons more ready to say yes to your invitations.

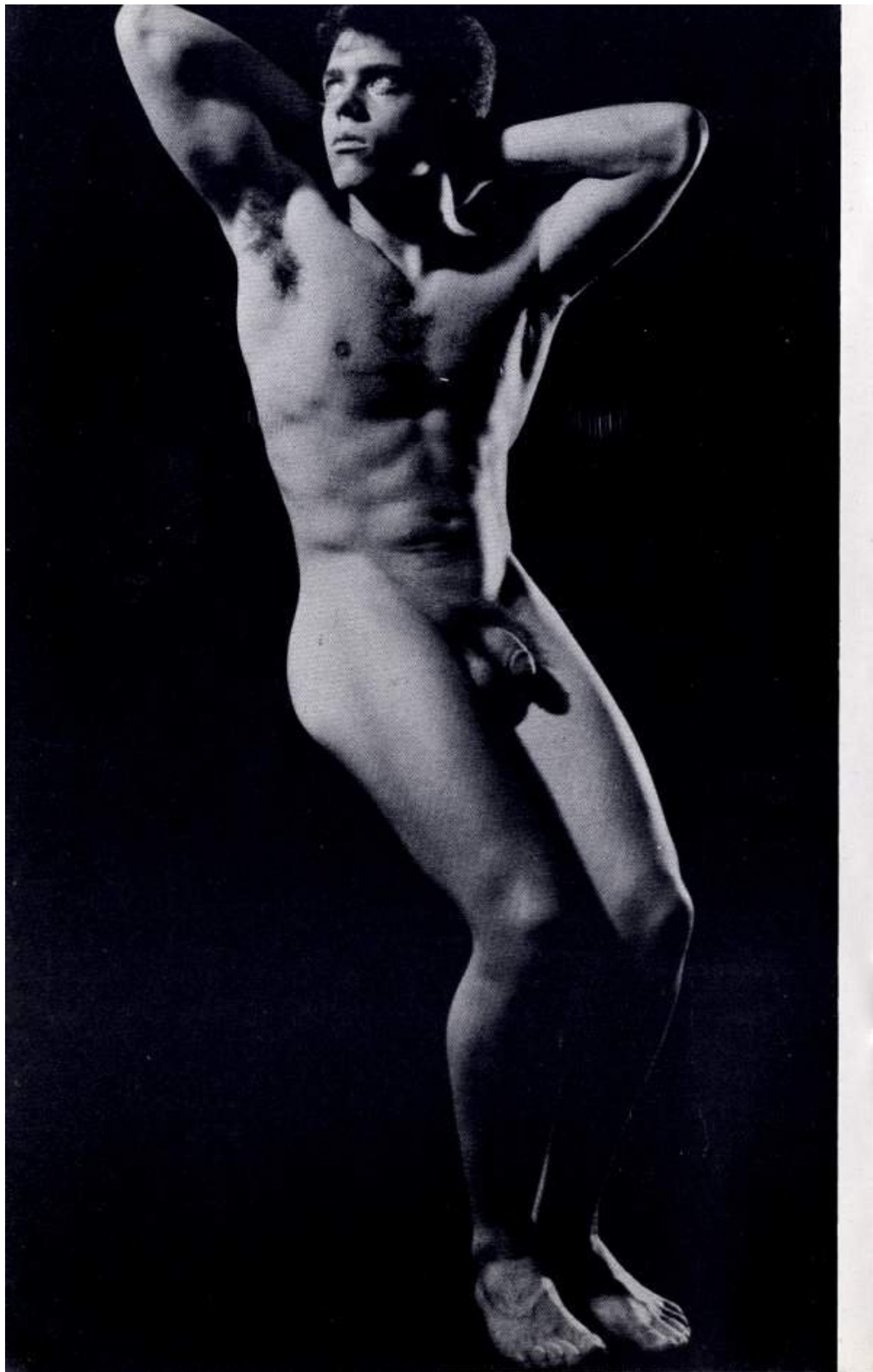
Most sorts of indirections are the curse of cruising and most other relations. People are in the market for the genuineness of direct statements, especially when they are coupled with kindly concern. If you are turned down in such a situation, remember to leave the matter rest there—but do not withdraw yourself or your friendliness. Such behavior will make it harder for an individual to say no to you a second time and may even cause him to return your own offer.

I've heard tell that certain aphrodisiacs increase sexual desire and potency. Is that true? K.E., Altoona, Pa.

Many of the traditionally accepted aphrodisiacs are virtually worthless for that purpose and some are positively harmful if not fatal.

If you are really interested, check Harry Wedeck's *Dictionary of Aphrodisiacs*, \$2.25, Citadel Press, New York or your favorite book seller.



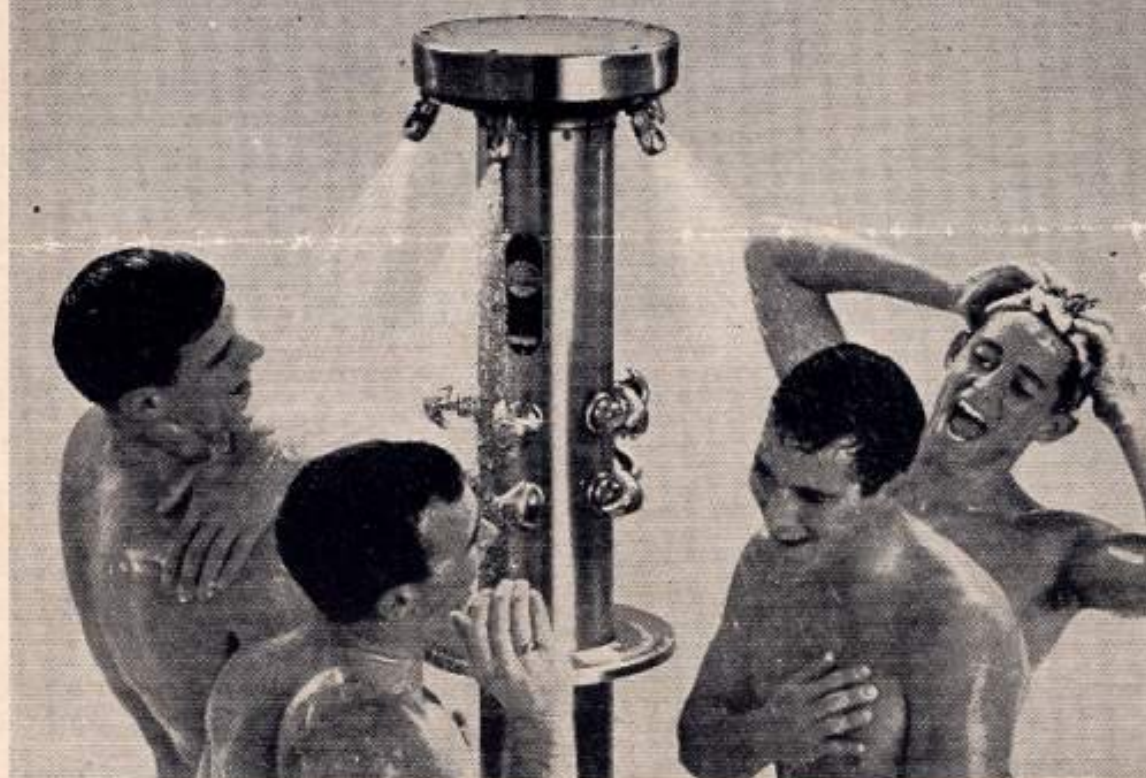






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DSI

Box 1010, Minneapolis, Minn. 55440

(Continued from page 6) ector of D. C.'s Department of Correction has called for a \$565,000 special dormitory to house the homosexual population of the Capitol's workhouse. These prisoners, now isolated and deprived of privileges normally accorded inmates, would be supplied a barracks of their own and freedom to mix with one another.

Freehold, N. J.: Onetime cat burglar Lawrence A. Janiec has charged that the State Prison is a "cesspool and passion pit for homosexuals."

A prison official denied the charge, though he did admit the prisoners were not "paragons of virtue."

Stockholm: Torstein Eriksson, director general of the Swedish corrections administration, has claimed "conjugal visits" cut down homosexuality and general unruliness among inmates.

TEXAS

El Paso: Harry W. (Bill) Risley was fired from the Police Department because, in his opinion, he was "trying to put a stop to graft and corruption."

Risley asserted that certain officials keep funds in secret Swiss banks, some are guilty of "moral turpitude," that a "Mafia" exists in El Paso, that prostitutes prey on elderly men and that a hangout for homosexuals exists near police headquarters.

He is now confined to a hospital, suffering from what his

physician termed "extreme nervous tension."

Dallas: The county grand jury claims that adults have lured hundreds of teen-agers to "homosexual dens" with promises of money, free liquor, food and obscene movies.

The grand jury "did not say how many university porters, the jury knows that some university students may be involved. But, he told re-drinking parties.

"sity students have participated in sex and nity, including the university," (sic) reported the *Dallas Morning News*.

Dist. Judge Mace B. Thurman termed the report "excellent."

NEW YORK CITY

Tiffany and Co. management was unavailable for comment a-

We're sorry. But we
do NOT carry earrings
for men. Nor will we.

TIFFANY & Co.

NEW YORK

bout this advertisement that appeared in the *New York Times* on December 6, 1964.

Best & Co., department store, staged a fashion show on its rooftop. The show was complete with a four piece platinum blond rock 'n' roll combo called The Skunks who turned out to be men in drag.

ALABAMA

Centreville: The book *The Naked Communist* lists the presentation of homosexuality, degeneracy and promiscuity as "normal, natural, healthy" as one of the objectives of communism, claims the *Press*.

Montgomery: Gov. George C. Wallace signed into law a state film classification bill which provides for "adult" ratings to be applied to films considered objectionable for viewing by persons under 18.

CHICAGO

Pornography can become habit-forming and so inure an individual to perversion and deviation that he might turn to something "perhaps even worse," exclaimed Edward Rekruciak, president of the Chicago unit of the Citizens for Decent Literature decently.

Manuel L. Ports, assistant corporation counsel and Chicago's chief prosecutor in "the war against smut," went him one further: "Unless some way is found to eradicate obscenity, our society will be torn apart at its seams."

SOUTH VIET NAM

As Australian Major Marvin Musgrave returned to his battle command "he gently waved his floppy combat hat and drawled: 'Don't shoot, darling, it's only me,'" wrote the *New York Times*.

PENNSYLVANIA

Tarentum: The *Valley News* claims an 11-year-old girl who ordered a phonograph record, later received a photo of homosexual activity with an accompanying note asking: "Want to see more?"

Complains a DRUM staffer: "I

order records all the time and all I get is music!"

Philadelphia: All major hotels in the area had refused the Janus Society meeting space to hold a scheduled debate between Dr. Albert Ellis and Clark P. Polak on Ellis' new book, *Homosexuality: Its Causes and Cure*.

The program was held in the auditorium of the New Century Club, a participant in the old Twentieth Century woman suffrage movement.

CALIFORNIA

Berkeley: In apparent disagreement with a recent *Esquire* article (DRUM, Nov.), a *Ladies Home Journal* article claims: "Homosexuality is very little seen or discussed" on the University of California campus. However, one male student stated: "Any girl of 20 who is still a virgin is either foolish or frigid."

San Francisco: Three activists in the Sexual Freedom League pleaded guilty to swimming nude at Aquatic Park. The trio was placed on probation with one of the conditions being that the 21-year-old girl stop living with the 25-year-old boy.

The professed purpose of the "swim-in" was a general protest against what were described as restrictive sexual attitudes.

For the first time in the history of America and the homophile movement, a candidate for political office addressed a group of 250 homosexual rights advocates and stated he would, if elected, be willing to listen to homosexuals. Four other candidates for the same office (supervisor) also ap-

peared before the Council on Religion and The Homosexual, though Jack Morrison was the only one to make such a statement.

The *Examiner* called him: "The Priest Who Won't Shut Up," but his employer, the Episcopal diocese, concerned over his increased participation in rights groups such as the Council on Religion and The Homosexual did shut up Canon Robert Cromey by firing him.

Cromey's liberal statements concerning sex, job discrimination, segregation and a host of other causes have resulted in tens of thousands of dollars being withheld from the Diocese, which, in the opinion of one observer, is enough to make any church sit up and take notice.

The firing was protested by over 30 pickets, including leaders and membership of several homophile organizations.

"Haight-Ashbury is the city's new bohemian quarter for serious writers, painters and musicians, civil rights workers, crusaders for all kinds of causes, homosexuals, and Lesbians," reports the Examiner.

Hollywood: After one film property was approved for production, Paramount executive Herbert Segal demanded: "Have you read the script?" He then cancelled the show that contained a homosexual theme.

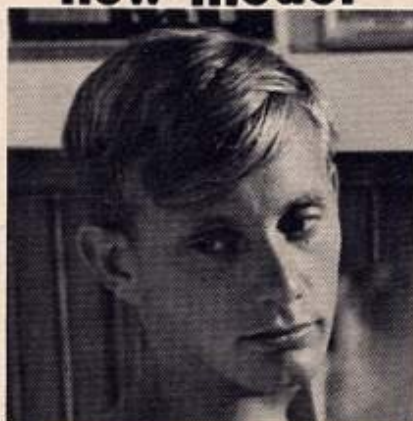
LAKE MILTON, OHIO

The Mahoning County Sheriff's office, at press-time, planned to make 25 arrests of men suspected of frequenting a roadside park for immoral purposes.

Sheriff Ray T. Davis said he has 500 feet of motion picture film and other evidence.



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puzzle

(Continued from page 17) more important, the conference could be considered a leaders' training course.

Idyllic Hope

Often there is a tacit assumption that election to a homophile organization office automatically qualifies an individual as an expert on homosexuality. Franklin Kameny, Mattachine Society of Washington founder and sometimes DRUM contributor, is fond of claiming that homosexuals are the only real authorities on homosexuality. Idyllic as this hope may be, the visible evidence does not point in this direction. If we care to have our organizations do more than protest, it behooves superstructures like ECHO to train leaders to do the job.

Apart from such discussion of specifics, the central question to all persons concerned with the increased well-being of the homosexual remains: What can the homophile movement do to effect such changes?

In looking for creative answers to this question, two groups stand out, each taking a different and not faultless direction. While we shall not withhold criticism from either Mattachine Society of Washington or Society for Individual Rights, it should be clearly understood that we feel errors of commission, resulting from attempts to solve problems, are to be considered in light different from errors of omission, confusion or neglect.

Washington Mattachine

MSW is at once the most advanced and most conservative in the movement. Perhaps with ad-

equate justification, it completely outlaws social-type events and restricts itself to dealing with the official problems of homosexuals. It suffers for its decision and so do the homosexuals in the Capitol area.

Washington, D. C., as a city, resembles most communities in America in that the homosexual is left to his own devices much of the time. With the exception of Lafayette Park, where arrests and entrapment are rife, bars operate with impunity but, as the Nation's capital, it is a city of politicians and political concerns. The activities of MSW must, reasonably, recognize that the Federal government is one of the most anti-homosexual forces in the world. As with all other organizations except New York and those in San Francisco, MSW must be concerned about not taking action that will unnecessarily rock the community boat. They have become, not without reservations within their membership and outside the movement, the country's foremost advocate of picketing demonstrations.

Only the most heartless observer would ignore the information just announced by the Harris survey (page 5) that two of the general public's prime current dislikes are homosexuals and non-labor pickets. Certainly the combination of the two elements could bring the most unfortunate of consequences. Noted psychologist Van den Haag (DRUM, July) warned recently of the possible unleashing of now submerged anti-homosexual sentiments if such picketing continues. Cantor

echoed with a stern admonition that "a miscalculation of this kind can backfire and cause more harm than many good works can balance."

We would join with the critics of homophile picketing if we fancied that the objective of the demonstrations was to bring about a cessation of the practice protested. Hopefully, none of the picketing organizations so delude themselves.

Picketing is, to date, the most effective method yet found to promote the movement and it serves to acquaint homosexuals in every corner of the country that someone is sympathetic to them. For many in remote areas, this comes as a surprise, if not a shock.

For those who previously considered the movement no more than a gay sewing circle, much of the same benefits accrue.

As for the concerns over a heterosexual backlash, such have not yet proved to be based on information and, in the event that some of the pent-up hostility is provided an opportunity to ventilate, we cannot but think that the individuals so effected will profit.

SIRism

An entirely new approach, quickly dubbed SIRism, has erupted in San Francisco. The SIR cry, much to the apparent surprise of many homophile leaders, is: "Get homosexuals into the homophile movement," and they set about accomplishing their objective in a most efficient manner. Utilizing the philosophy that the movement must become responsive to the needs and interests of the homosexual community, they have formed so many "activities" they might easily be confused with a Y.M.C.A. youth group: an eight man bowling team has

grown into a bowling league; a discussion group into three or four groups a week; camping trips; canasta, bridge, poker; "Meditation," art, dance and a host of other programs too numerous to list.

While it is premature to predict long term success for SIRism, there is no question but that the West Coast is pointing in the direction the East and, indeed, the rest of the country must, in its individual ways, follow. It would be unreasonable and foolhardy to advance SIRism wholecloth in most other American communities for San Francisco, like New York and unlike the rest of the country, has a long tradition of police oppression. In a community where the situation is already demonstrably intolerable, there is less to risk in bucking the *status quo*.

All too often, however, in dealing with relatively permissive communities in which anti-homosexual sentiments are not officially expressed, the "square" homosexuals of the homophile movement appear to have sold themselves out and stranded the "hip" to make his happy way without their assistance. In next month's report, we hope to bring some suggestions on how the homophile movement might become more responsive to the needs of homosexuals.

- Clark P. Polak

frontal nudes

All copies of DRUM mailed to subscribers and members contain a special supplement of frontal nude photographs.

One year subscription...\$7.00

One year membership, includes DRUM and the insiders' For Members Only...\$10.00.

Life Membership...\$100.00.

little lamb

(Continued from page 11) forearm, knocking his hands downward.

We never connected. There seemed to be a sudden cut-off of the sailor's magnetism. He made a small sidewise gesture of his head--not much of a gesture at all, but a kind of inner wilting. And the eyes he turned up to Mike no longer flashed their black male fire, but had melted into a kind of womanish softness. I thought for an instant that he was going to lay his head on Mike's shoulder. Then the moment passed. Mike shook his shoulder a little, lowered his eyelids and said: "Just wanted you to meet the kid. He wants a tattoo. A quirt. Make the handle short, and then twist the braiding around so it makes my initials," he laughed. "Then he'll know he belongs to me every time he looks at it."

"Okay," I said noncommittally.

Mike punched Rafe affectionately. "Where do you want the tattoo, ole boy?"

Rafe put one huge paw on his left shoulder. "Here," he said. "High up." And he grinned at me like a school kid.

"All right," I said, "Take your shirt off." A sudden look of fright came into the boy's eyes. "No, no!" he said violently. "Put--here," and he slid the sleeve up over his forearm.

"Hell!" said Mike, striding forward. "You want it on the shoulder--get it there! You think this guy's never seen anything like your back before?"

He yanked Rafe roughly to his feet, although I am sure Rafe could have flattened him with

one good punch, and grabbing hold of the striped shirt, in one quick movement pulled it over the Portuguese boy's head.

I stared silently at his back.

Mike grunted. "Looks like you fell over a barbed wire fence last night, kid." Then he turned to me. "Okay, get goin'."

When my fingers closed around the boy's magnificent deltoid, I could feel what my eye could take in: his whole body was trembling faintly, gently, and the skin was covered with a thin film of sweat. He had his head lowered almost on his chest, and his eyes were closed. And so he sat through the whole operation, which lasted about ten minutes. The little tremor went on during that time, as if a small vibrating motor were running somewhere inside him.

When it was finished, Mike seized the boy's shoulder and looked at it. "Damned good job" he said. The boy nodded, too, and smiled at me a little shyly. "I like," he said, but he turned his head as he spoke so that he was looking at Mike, and not at my work of 'art'. And then they were gone, out into the hot sun that crinkled up from the pavements.

Up to now I had looked on myself as a free soul, detached from all wounding entanglements and encounters. And I had believed, wrongly, that the one time with Mike would be enough.

"Never again?" I asked him once while he was in the shop.

He made an impatient gesture. "Oh, yeah," he said, "but I ain't been in the mood lately." He had a troublesome sinus, and the doctor had injected some kind of medication into it re-

cently. "After I get over this trouble wit' my schnoz," he said.

But he got over it, and then there was always something else --a half dozen promises, and as many postponements, or else forgetting. "Are we too good friends?" I asked again.

"Sure--but we did once in spite of that," he said, throwing his arm around my shoulder. "We're buddies, ain't we? Just you wait."

I suffered acutely, interpreting every casual word and gesture of his as something relating especially to me, and not seeing at the moment how clouded my thinking was. He would wink carelessly at me over a cigarette, and my heart would pound. "What does he mean by that? Does he mean tonight?" I would think, but of course he meant nothing at all.

At what point in such a relationship is the breakpoint reached? I felt that it was close. Mike looked at me intently one day in the shop.

"Just what's the matter with you?" he said. "What's eatin' you? you ain't been yourself for a coupla weeks."

"I'm in love," I snapped.

Mike's eyebrows rose. "Izzat so?" he said. "Who with?"

"Oh, lord," I said in exasperation. "You don't know him."

At that moment Dave came into the shop. "Well, I guess we can't go to a drive-in this Sunday. I've got to go to a recital, and you'll have to spend the evening with Mike."

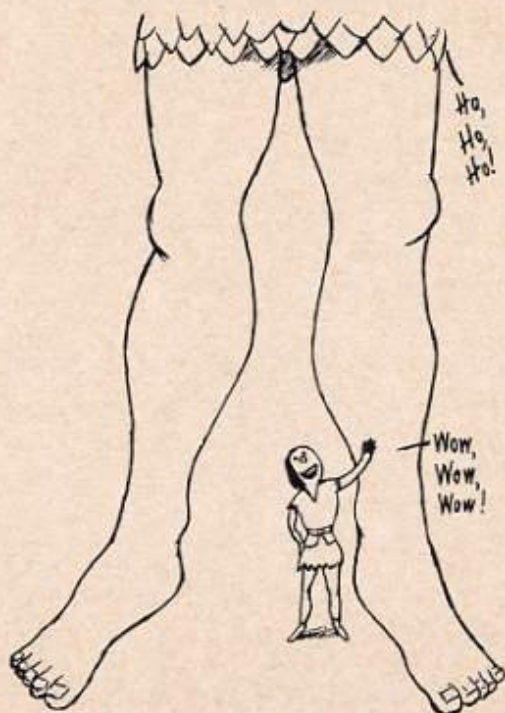
My heart began to pound. I was sure this was it. Mike's face showed neither irritation nor pleasure. He asked who was playing, and that was all.

That was Wednesday, and I thought Sunday would never come. But it did. There had been no

word all day from either of them. Then at seven-thirty Mike came in. He had on his full uniform again--jacket and boots and freshly laundered army fatigues with the side pockets--and his skin was dark from having evidently been in the sun all day.

He sat down. "Well," he said. "I gotta go to the recital after all. Dave insists." Years of lecturing to women's clubs as a drama critic had given me a certain control over my face, and now I needed it. I do not think that the bottom dropping out of me showed itself in so much as a flicker of an eye, or twitch of a muscle in my cheek. "Well, you'd better be goin' then," I said, looking at the clock, "or you'll be late, if you've gotta change clothes."

After he left, I went out alone. I went across the bay, to all the old and evil spots I used to know while I had been drinking. But I didn't drink that night. I wandered, I enjoyed my sadness. And then I



went home alone, having avoided all the spots where Mike might have been. I think I could not have maintained, had I run into him somewhere.

Then one evening Mike came into the shop and sat down. "You know what?" he said, almost belligerently. "I want me a tattoodle, daddy-o."

Nothing surprised me any longer. The elusive thumbscrew had dropped right into my lap. "Okay, sonny boy." I said, "what'll it be? You sure you want this? They're kinda permanent, you know."

"Yup," he said, with conviction. "I figger I could use some Navy design, since I been in the Merchant Marine. That's close enough, ain't it?"

I shrugged. "No law says you gotta be a sailor to have an anchor," I said.

Mike looked at the Navy design, and finally picked out an anchor with an eagle, and some flowers sprinkled here and there--a good design for a long boned forearm, which he had. He fitted the stencil to his skin, then looked up. "Haven't you got another outfit at home?" he asked.

I nodded. "Yeah, my traveling case.

"How's about us goin' there and puttin' it on at your place?" he said. "Instead of here?" He grinned. "Could have a drink, too."

"All right," I said. It was a lot more comfortable, and not much more trouble. On the way, Mike was strangely quiet. "What's the matter," I asked once. "Scared?"

He looked over from his corner of the taxi. "First time," he said.

"Nothing to it," I said.

But I knew something Mike didn't know, a difficult thing

to explain. I'd seen it happen a thousand times. With the first setting of the needle into the skin, a whole new relationship unfolded between my customers and myself. I became for them--almost mystically--their best boy-friend, father, confessor, mother, buddies in their gang--everything. Countless times, young hoods had told me all their heartaches and fears, things I'm sure they had never told another living being. I found myself wondering how it would hit Mike.

When we got to my house on Filbert (what a name for a street!), I busied myself with the equipment. "Make yourself a drink, I told Mike, and he did. But he watched me nervously. I plugged in the power pack, stirred up the inks, got out the alcohol and antiseptics, took the protective grease-coat off the machines, tested the needles, and then looked up at him. His face was more pale than usual. It dawned on me that these preparations were as frightening as the assorted clankings, cracks and thuddings that Mike liked so much to make in his music-room. I gave several nasty little test buzzes on my needle.

"All right, sonny," I said. "Come sit here."

He was acutely nervous. "Does it really hurt much?" he asked.

"Kind of a burning sensation," I said. I was enjoying this. "The outliner hurts worse than the shader. Pity we have to use it first."

Mike took a long drink. "I--dunno--," he began nervously, then set his glass down.

"Ah, c'mon!" I scoffed. "You the big tough guy who can dish it out and can't take it, huh?"

"I hate needles," Mike said, wetting his lips again.

I shaved his forearm, sterilized it, put a thin bit of vaseline on it, and pressed the outline of the stencil against his skin. He was trembling, and quite tense.

I poked his deltoid. "You gotta relax up here," I said. You're all tight, and that'll make me screw up the lines." He let out a big breath and tried to relax. "Okay," he said, and I began.

He fought me with deep muscular tension all through the outline. And then I saw him begin to show the signs of shock: he drew two deep ragged breaths, and with his free hand fiddled a bit at the back of his neck. I felt the skin begin to grow a shade cooler. But I did nothing. With anyone else, I would have stopped at the first sign, bent his head down between his knees and applied pressure-- to force the blood back to his head. I would have given him a sip of water and let him lie down for five minutes, and he would have been over it.

But I let Mike go deliberately. I heard his breathing grow more shallow. I went on working while he watched me-- the worst thing he could have done. And finally, quietly and with no fuss, he rolled gently off the chair. I was ready for him. I caught him and eased him to the floor and stayed on my knees beside him. His breathing was still shallow; the sweat was heavy on his forehead. And suddenly he began to shake, and then strain; I knew consciousness was about four seconds away, and I raised my hand. When his eyelids flickered, I slapped him hard, once on each cheek. I enjoyed doing it.

It jarred him. He groaned.

I slapped his cheeks again.

"Can't take it, huh?" I jeered.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, he raised on one elbow and threw his arms around my waist. He buried his head in the slanting lap my position gave me. "Don't hit me anymore," he said in a muffled voice.

I lifted his head from my lap by his hair, and stared for a full minute at his face. He could not look into my eyes; the lids lowered and he tried to turn aside. I knew then that he was mine to do with what I liked. I pushed him away so that he rolled over once on the floor. He lay there face down. He was weeping great dry sobs.

I looked down at him, but I did not see him. Instead, my eyes looked through him into the deep pit of my obsession, and saw the broken image of my love lying at the bottom. And then, almost as in a trance, I saw the pit begin to fill with the moving waters of pity, flowing in and drowning the shattered image that lay there.

And yet, I felt strangely grateful to him. The detour that I had taken had been the wrong one, but it had shown me that I was still capable of love.

I tested my breathing. It went evenly and smoothly. I had regained my freedom, and life was--once again--stretching its broad path out ahead of me.

And then I reached over and shook him by the shoulder, and gave him a comradely thump.

"Buck up, old boy," I said. "Everything is quite all right."

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A PROVEN MONEY MAKER

Steve McGowan

HARRY CHES !!

that man from a.u.n.t.i.e.

AGENT
* 0068 7/8

The word is out:

note worthy
a real splash
Golden
MOST EXQUISITE
clean
A
ROTTEN
CAMP

Are you
woman
enough to
buy it?

Why monkey around
with fuzzy
Straight s

How about
a Black Russian
sweetheart?

muscular
Manpower

Bite with
A TIGHT FIT FOR
REAL COMFORT

BUDGET MEATS
THAT MEN WILL EAT
has a hole
(Do you?)

Tired of the
same old numbers?

WITH THE SPECIAL FLAVOR AND ALL-MEAT GOODNESS

THE STUD SCENE

is a gem

NOT TOO SPICY, NOT ONLY... JUST TEMPTING AND TAMEY

Just ask your
meat man.

Are yours varsity
letter material?

NAIL HIM WITH
New! lubrication

Man forced to
choose between
him & HIM!

WITH THE SPECIAL FLAVOR AND ALL-MEAT GOODNESS

There's a Bit of Bette in the Best of Us!

One of the great pictures of our times...
SHERAN GRAHAM

A perfect picture
HEDDA HOPPER

Just rub and R's there. 5 III

SWINGER...
an explosive mixture—
but nobody's gotten blown to bits yet."

GOES NUDEST FOR THE ADULT MALE

Look, murder, rape, torture, debauchery
being done directly for adult characters

BOYS, THE "BAD-DIES" HAVE STRUCK AGAIN! FIRST, ALL THE WEST POINT SHOWER-ROOM LOCKS WERE JAMMED....WHEN THE FUSES SUDDENLY BLEW....AND SPANISH-FLY WAS DETECTED IN THEIR OAT-MEAL!! THEN A TEENY-WEENY TV MONITOR WAS DISCOVERED UNDER J. EDGAR'S TURKISH MEDITATION COUCH...AND A BOMB WAS FOUND IN HIS LUNCH-PAIL! LAST WEEK, TRAY DONE AFEW, THE VIRILE AND VERY BUTCH TV WESTERN STAR OF "BANANAS", WAS FOUND RAPED IN AN ALLEY OUTSIDE 'THE TOOL-BOX'...A NAUGHTY-TYPE BAR!! AND ONLY LAST NITE, BED CRAZE, THE FAMOUS PHYSIQUE PHOTOGRAPHER WAS ROBBED OF ALL HIS RUBBER UNDERWEAR AND OF ALL HIS NEGATIVES OF YOUNG WRESTLERS!

* MANIACAL UNDER WORLD CONTROL KORP

EGGPLANT PARMESANI

→ **TOP SECRET DOSSIER** ←
• FOR A.U.N.T.I.E.'S EYES ONLY!
RUI2 00WW
XXXXXX

DO NOT STAIN

PHOTO TAKEN 1959
• PROVINCE TOWN,
MASS. DAISYCHAIN
SUMMER FESTIVAL

**EVIL HEAD DIRECTOR of
M.U.C.K.'S TRAINING CAMP.**
SPECIALIZING IN:
SUBVERSION, SABOTAGE,
TORTURE, CATASTROPHES,
AND DEATH!!

(NOT TO MENTION NEEDLEPOINT,
CROCHETING, FLOWER ARRANGEMENT,
AND TATOOING!)

KNOWN FETISHES:

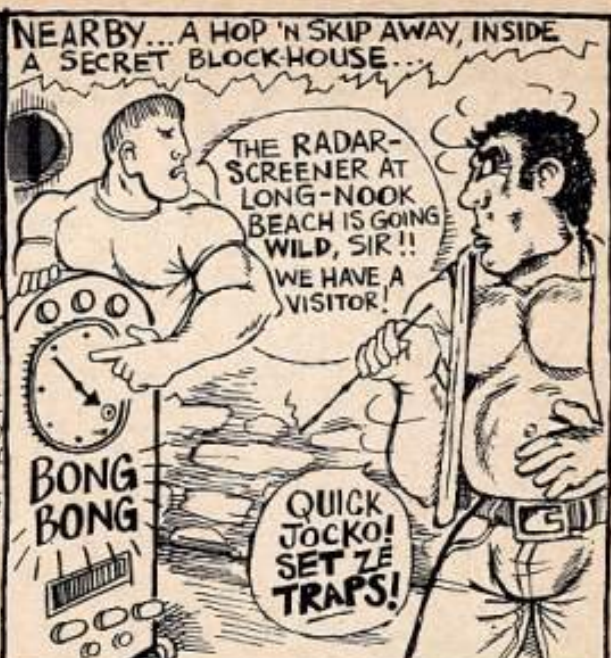
- RUBBER UNDERWEAR
- NUDE WRESTLING (WITH
MUSCULAR TEENAGE BOYS)
- OLD ERICH VON STRONHEIM
MOVIES
- THE WORKS OF MARQUIS
DE SADE
- A SEETHING REPULSION
AND HATRED FOR HAIRY
MEN (AND YOU KNOW WHO IN
PARTICULAR!)

- IT IS RUMORED THAT AT THE
AGE OF SIX - HE PUSHED HIS
MOTHER INTO MT. VESUVIUS.

KNOWN ADDRESS:

PAGAN PLACE ON ST. SPAGHETTI,
A SMALL, OUT-OF-THE-WAY ISLAND IN
THE CARIBBEAN.





CONTINUED NEXT MONTH



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TOTEMPOLE, Sanford Freidman, #161, \$5.95

THE GOOD AND BAD WEATHER, Edmund Schiddel, #162, \$5.95

TWO PEOPLE, Donald Windham, #163, \$4.95

THE TORTURED SEX, Yankowski and Wolff. This one's a sleeper! Just released, offers erotic case histories, amply illustrating its historical vignettes ("Caesar was termed: 'The husband to every wife and the wife to every husband.'") and more accurate information about the most misunderstood and misrepresented subject in America today--homosexuality. DRUM Magazine calls it: "A rare combination of thought and sexual provocation." A best buy at \$1.25. #111

CITY OF NIGHT, John Rechy. This best selling novel is offered as a bonus to TROJAN customers. Originally published at \$5.95, the same 441 page hardcover edition now only \$1.00 to everyone purchasing over \$10 in books! Available to other TROJAN customers at \$3.95. #124; 124S for \$1 special.

ONE ARM, Tennessee Williams. Long suppressed by censorship and controversy over its homosexual theme. 11 short stories: Night of the Iguana (changed to a "straight" theme for the play and film); Portrait of a Girl in Glass (became The Glass Menagerie); and One Arm, itself, is the erotic tale of a hustler who kills one of his scores, is sent to jail and receives hundreds of letters from ex-numbers telling how much their fleeting sexual experiences with him meant. While awaiting execution, a Lutheran minister visits him and begins to massage his Adonis body. Also, Desire and the Black Mas-seur, a shocking sado-masochistic story. #141. \$4.50

AMERICA'S HOMOSEXUAL UNDERGROUND, Anthony James. Authorities believe more males practice prostitution today than females, James reveals! A Times Square hustler strips and beats a middle aged businessman. The findings here may shock and horrify but they are exciting and informative. #133, \$1.25

BUTCH - Inside the rich leather cover there are over fifty 5x7 frontal nude photographs. Young men of every description in undraped views. Each picture fills the page of this big book. Printed on heavy gloss paper and also includes informative articles. Luxury edition. #119, \$20.00

WHEN MEN MEET. "A doorknob twisted and a blond lad, nude, stood there: Now please don't tell me this is the first time you went to bed with a man, doll face. You seem more experienced than some of those who have been around for years. Let's get back into bed." Erotic and pleasant reading. #122, 75¢

IN DEFENSE OF HOMOSEXUALITY, R. O. Benson. Just published, here, for the first time is a book that does not apologize nor beg for an understanding of the homosexual. Leads an attack upon the judgements claiming homosexuality is either against the laws of nature or God. No future work will be able to ignore the essential facts presented in this volume. #120, \$5.95

HARD CANDY, A Book of Stories, Tennessee Williams. Nine stories by one of America's foremost authors. Two on a Party: Bill and Cora made a good pair for cruising Broadway's bars. The first week they operated together in Manhattan, "trade was running as thick as spawning salmon, all flowing one way which was toward you. The combination seemed to make for wildness in the air." They did Mobile, Pensacola, West Palm Beach and Miami in "one continual happy breeze. Fifteen lays all hitching rides on the highway." #113, \$4.50



HOMOSEXUALITY AND CITIZENSHIP IN FLORIDA, the infamous purple report, printed by a committee of the Florida Legislature, the original was banned and only 300 of the official printing reached circulation. This exact replica of the "obscene"

original contains an action photo of two men in a "glory hole" scene. Unbelievable! #108, \$2.00

ALL THE SAD YOUNG MEN, Anonymous. The author is a well-known Hollywood and TV actor, but not a star. Alone, lonely, finding no satisfaction with the women with whom he had affairs, he found himself in a New York bar where he was picked up by a young boy. #125, 75¢

GREYHUFF REVIEW MAGAZINE #1, a full 12 exciting frontal nude photographs, 8½ x 11 size book. Only \$5.00, #164
 SEX OFFENDERS, (Kinsey Inst.). Little exact information was available about sex offenders and their offences until now. More than 1500 case histories examined. Fourteen categories of offenders. A unique contribution to the growing fund of knowledge on sex. No comparable study! #117, \$12.50

THE GAY JUNGLE - Nick Petrie, 16, is forced to sell his Apollo body to men for food and a bed. Raped in his high school shower room, he is expelled by a frustrated gym instructor, cast out by his parents and takes to cruising subways and movies! #116, \$3.



GREYHUFF REVIEW. Gold stamped, black padded covers. Many new and different models, all in undraped views, #165, \$15

BUTCH - a deluxe photo magazine featuring more nudes than any male nudist book! Glossy paper close-ups, head and shoulder shots! Every photo a tribute to the rugged charm of manhood. Published at \$5.00, now only \$3.00, #123. JUST RELEASED!!!!!! Butch, Volume 2, just \$3.00, #166



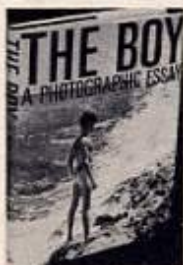
BAR GUIDE. Complete United States directory of bars and other places of interest. Vest pocket. \$5.00, #145

HALF WORLD, Joe D. Bowie. The truth about homosexual life. The tarnish on the glitter; pain, laughter. 75¢, #149

THE GAY YEAR, M. deF. Young, handsome men like Joe Harris know the burning need that drives them to the world of the third sex. #143, \$1.00

DICTIONARY OF APHRODISIACS, Harry E. Wedeck. Covers everything from Absinthe to Yohimbine, explains how to use them. Only \$2.25, #135

TOWARDS A QUAKER VIEW OF SEX - a few Friends express their concern for a group of young homosexuals who approach them for guidance. The whole traditional approach is turned upside down by knocking over the graven idol of naturalness. Softbound. #107, \$1.50



THE BOY - A photographic essay; The Joys of boyhood, The Golden Years, all crystalized in one magnificent 9 x 12 book containing over 400 photos. Here are boys from 50 different countries. 32 pages in full color. This book has no text, no

story, just pictures, including a limited number of frontal nudes. Originally published at \$25, now \$19.95, #110
 MR. MADAM, Confessions of a Male Prostitute, Kenneth Marlowe. The story of an active homosexual, a female impersonator, a male whore, the "madam" of a gay whorehouse that "serviced" an exclusive Hollywood clientele. Marlowe was drafted into the Army where he was raped by 14 soldiers. The most brutal frank, bizarre story of the life of a homosexual that has ever been legally published in this country. 16 pages of photos! Autobiographical! Hardcover was \$5.95, now reduced to \$4.75, #138; new complete paperback, \$1.00, #138P.

THE WORLD AT TWILIGHT, Fritz Peters, Matthew, a sensitive young boy, starved for affection, turns to an older man for love and understanding. 75¢, #147

MALE BRIDE, Anonymous. Jackie Cassius found himself a slave to unlooked for passion! Erotic! 75¢, #150

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dear drum

defense

I can see why your reviewer had such a difficult time with *In Defense Of Homosexuality* (DRUM, Nov.). It is, for all practical purposes an unreadable volume.

One would like to recommend an effort as exhaustive as *IDOH* to all serious students of homosexuality as the most complete treatise on the subject in print. It is, in fact, just that; it is also, in fact, one of the most monumentally boring books ever published.

Whether or not it will fulfill its publisher's startlingly immodest prophesy that no future work of the subject will be able to ignore *IDOH*, remains to that future to decide. From my standpoint, however, I am more saddened that the Julian Press was either unwilling or unable to secure an individual sufficiently conversant with prose style to salvage Benson's remarkable thoroughness.

Indeed, *IDOH* has the potential to be all of what Julian claims for it and more--and it is unfortunate that it will become lost as a sophomoric polemic.

Incidentally, I could not have agreed with your comments about *The Tortured Sex* more. It is, unquestionably, the most erotically stimulating and intellectually satisfying book on homosexuality I have ever read.

Good discovery! B.R., Chattanooga

I only hope that whoever is protecting us from our enemies

also protects our friends from reviews in DRUM. J.L., Boise

physique

Your article on physique magazines and photographers was very well done and much kinder than the field deserves. Lord knows this field could stand some good, solid criticism.

It's getting to the point where anybody with a Brownie (camera)--and some of the photos look like they were taken with one--can go into the pp business. Mel Roberts

One point you miss is artistic representation and sexual stimulation are almost mutually exclusive of each other. The sexiest photos are often the crudest presented and the most satisfying by artistic standards couldn't provoke a rise from a hot sailor.

(Name withheld upon request)

The attack against photographers was unwarranted. Most of us do responsible production then the publishers drown the photos with so much ink they can't be seen. (Name withheld upon request)

It may seem a bit naive, but I never really thought of physique magazines as being any kind of social force, no less a source of gratification for so large a number of other guys.

I always had a measure of guilt when I (masturbated) using pictures as stimulation, and while I don't feel just reading your article is going

to remove this guilt completely, it has already made me begin to see that my activity is neither so reprehensible or clandestine.

To my knowledge, nothing of this kind has ever appeared in print before. Am I correct?

K. T., Birmingham, Alabama
Yes. -Ed.

Why pay so much wasted attention to dirty pictures? The people who read DRUM aren't the characters who spend their nights in dark alley's curled up over the latest issue of *Tomorrow's Man*. As a matter of fact, if you dropped those so-called "art photos" you run in DRUM, more responsible people would take it seriously.

Why do you insist in ruining America's only half-assed attempt at putting out an almost intellegent gay magazine? R.P. New York City.

harry

Above all else, I enjoyed the right hand, top panel of *Harry Chess* (DRUM,, Oct.) marked "odors" in the control panel of the torture chamber. I was really thrilled to read amongst the scents of torture the words "leather" and "extract of cycle boots." R.C., Lachine, Canada

The writer is a leather and boot fetishist. -Ed.

What began as a funny romp has ebbed into a sick excursion into the depths of what I feel is worst depravity. I can only suggest, for whatever its worth, that you drop *Harry Chess*. H. O., San Francisco

more

More Batman and Robin! (DRUM, Oct.) More funny bits like that! More! More! More! Y. D., Buffalo

Mr. Madam

CONFESSIONS OF A MALE MADAM

Kenneth Marlowe

INTRODUCTION BY DR. LEONARD A. LOWAG



Somewhere behind today's headlines lies the truth about homosexuality. Here, at last, is a homosexual's autobiography that gets to this elusive truth... informatively, absorbingly... with no-holds-barred, and with no demeaning sentimentality. An adult autobiography.

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